



*“It’s simply impossible to feel lonely when you’re holding a warm, purring cat in your arms.”* This was the statement (made by a wise friend) that sent me to the Chula Vista Animal Care Facility during the summer of 2005. Never having had an animal companion, I wasn’t the least bit sure of what I was doing when I walked through the doors. I just had a vague notion that an adult cat would be a better fit for me than a pouncy little kitten.

Walking up and down ‘Cattery Row’ was a bit daunting. I didn’t have clue how I was going to recognize the right animal to take home. BooBoo made it easy for me. As I walked past his cage, he calmly turned his gaze to me and pressed a paw against the glass between us. Okay, I know cats don’t wave-- but this sure seemed like a wave. When he was brought into the interaction room for us to be introduced, he trotted right over, hopped onto my lap, reached up and bonked my nose. If that’s not a way of saying “I pick you”, I don’t know what is.

I was given all kinds of advice about helping Boo make the transition from the small enclosure he’d been in for months to living at home with me, so we started in the smallest room I have-- the laundry room. Water, food, litterbox, one five-year-old male cat and me, all in one space. I stayed with him for several hours and then, when I was ready to go to sleep, closed the door behind me and headed off to bed.

My head was hitting the pillow when I heard a questioning sort of ‘maow?’. A few moments later he issued a second call, and then a third. The third one loosely translated into “Hey! Lady! Hey! You forgot me!” Walking back to the laundry room I saw a paw feeling around under the door. I opened the door and he looked up at me about as indignantly as someone weighing 14 pounds and covered in fur can look. He harrumphed, marched past me and straight to the bedroom, hopped up on the bed and settled in. So much for a transition period.

Since that night, it has clearly been BooBoo kitty’s home; though he’s perfectly willing to let me live there with him. I’m useful for refilling the food bowl, providing belly rubs on demand and fluffing pillows that have mysteriously flattened out.

You know what? My friend is right-- it’s simply impossible to feel lonely when you’re holding a warm, purring cat in your arms.

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